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SHAKESPEARE'S SELF

AS REVEALED IN HIS WRITINGS.

My spirit is thine, the better part of me.—*Sonnet lxxiv.*

When we regret that we have so little of Shakespeare's biography in recorded facts, we ought to remember that we have abundant autobiographical matter in his works. Considering that as a *dramatic* author, his merit was to develop his written characters, and not to describe his own, he has, nevertheless depicted himself in the way that no writer can avoid, by the unconscious disclosure of his spirit, his heart, his thoughts, his feelings and opinions. These are what constitute his inmost self, and what he cannot put into his character-drawing unless they exist in his own nature. He can draw a characteristic man and woman appropriately to his ideal of goodness or of evil; but the ideal must be there within his own soul, showing what that ideal is. That Shakespeare's ideal of true goodness and greatness was a noble one,—thereby demonstrating that his own nature was intrinsically good and great,—I feel to be a patent fact. How else could he find the qualities to ascribe? How point out what is just and right and pure and true, unless the standard of justice and purity and truth were existing in his own breast; however the fallibility of human conduct might occasionally make him, perhaps, swerve in action from his own ideal? In his axioms, in his abstract dicta, in the manifest tendency of his sympathies, in his ethical teaching, in the moral to be deduced from his precepts and even from the working of his plots (many of which vary from the original stories whence he drew them, so as to accord with his own finer perceptions of right and wrong), Shakespeare's innate sense of what constitutes real virtue is clearly visible. Therefore, though we know comparatively little of what he was as he passed corporeally through life, we know wonderfully much of what he was in his intrinsic self,—in his "spirit," the "better part" of him. That he could paint villainy and draw a villain with admirable art is true; and therefore it might be said that villainy was in his own nature; but he never palliates or extenuates villainy, never makes it alluring or fails to denounce it as execrable and infamous. Whereas, however he may show virtue defeated, unsuccessful, aggrieved, nay, doomed to misery and death, he invariably

and steadfastly upholds it to be supremely right, and induces his readers to feel, that, after all, they would rather be among the suffering virtuous than among the triumphant vicious.

It is in those passages where he uses the abstract form of "we" and "our" that we may frequently behold Shakespeare speak from out of his own heart on questions of right and wrong, of inborn sentiment, of perception in moral truth. See, for instance, the passage:—

> Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
> Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

The maxim, it is true, is strictly appropriate to its speaker's character, Helena, who is an impersonation of self-reliance and enthusiastic energy; but it emanates from Shakespeare's own discernment in self-resource and self-help. Again:—

> Men at some time are masters of their fates:
> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Cassius says this, but Shakespeare feels it and puts it into the Roman's mouth.

Somewhat similar in characteristic propriety, but, at the same time, denoting Shakespeare's own protest against self-delusion, are Edmund's words:—

> This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance.

The tokens that Shakespeare was a man of sensitive conscience abound. Look at Orlando's noble rebuke to Jacques' coxcombically arrogant proposal to "rail against our mistress the world and all our misery;" where the young fellow, who has had real cause to complain of his brother's oppression, replies:—

> I will rail against no breather in the world but myself, *against whom I know most faults.*

Again look at the lines:—

> Who has a breast so pure,
> But some uncleanly apprehensions
> Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
> With meditations lawful?

Compare this with the mournful regrets and remorses that loom through some of the Sonnets; where, with the exaggerated self-reproach that sensitive-conscienced men heap upon themselves in moments of dejection for errors that less modest men choose to consider venial,

our Poet passionately charges himself with misdeed by dark insinuations, after the desperate style of his own Hamlet:—

> I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me.

If ever there was a man who inculcates self-discipline, and who manifests his own perpetual use for it, it is Shakespeare. From scores of instances that might be cited in evidence of this, observe such phrases of self-reminder as the following, taken at random:—

> One sudden foil should never breed distrust.

Or:—

> We may not think the justness of each act
> Such and no other than the event doth prove it.

Or:—

> Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust
> Destroy our friends and after weep their dust.

Or:—

> Our rash faults
> Make trivial price of serious things we have,
> Nor having them until we have their grave.

Again,—see how intensely he feels the duty of employing the gifts with which we are severally endowed:—

> If our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
> But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
> The smallest scruple of her excellence,
> But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
> Herself the glory of a creditor,—
> Both thanks and use.

And:—

> He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To fust in us unused.

And:—

> Nature, crescent, does not grow alone
> In thewes and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
> The inward service of the mind and soul
> Grows wide withal.

And nobly did the poet carry out his own teaching in his own intellectual cultivation and achievement. Compare his early plays with those he wrote in his later years; and see how the service of his mind

and soul grew wide, how diligently he brought his finely touched spirit to a fine issue, and how little he suffered his large discourse, his capability and godlike reason to fust in him unused. Shakespeare both felt and practiced justly, truly, nobly; and we cannot come to other conclusion than that he was a just, true, noble man, as well as the grandest-souled writer that ever put down his thoughts for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Look at his religious trust, his sublimely simple reliance on the goodness and perfection of Divine ordination, on the wisdom of the Divine Ruler; together with the duty of entire submission to His Will: —

> Men must endure
> Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
> Ripeness is all.

And: —

> If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.

These are sentiments appropriate to the characters who respectively utter them in the dramas; but we feel that they are sentiments coming warm from the soul of the dramatist himself. Their very reiteration, and emphatic identity of repetition, help to testify this.

See, too, the humility as well as devout submission of this: —

> We, ignorant of ourselves,
> Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
> Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
> By losing of our prayers.

And how earnestly and simply, as though straight from his inmost conviction, come such noble sentiments as these: —

> In nature there's no blemish but the mind,
> None can be called deformed but the unkind.

And: —

> I held it ever
> Virtue and cunning [skill] were endowments greater
> Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
> May the two latter darken and expend;
> But immortality attends the former,
> Making a man a god.

And: —

> Kindness, nobler ever than revenge.

And: —

> Though those that are betrayed
> Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
> Stands in worse case of woe.

We seem to hear Shakespeare himself speaking to us from the depths of his own heart, when we listen to the precepts in such passages as those just cited. And what a glorious insight he has afforded us of his exalted love-creed: —

> Base men, being in love, have then a nobility
> In their natures more than is native to them.

And: —

> Love is not love,
> When it is mingled with respects, that stand
> Aloof from the entire point.

Again, magnificently: —

> Love is not love,
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove:
> O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
> That looks on tempests; and is never shaken;
> It is the star to every wandering bark,
> Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
> Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come;
> Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
> But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
> If this be error, and upon me proved,
> I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

He seems to sign the sovereign edict with his own right royal signature at the close of this fervent asservation.

Then mark how is mingled with the passionate sense of voluptuous beauty proper to a poet, that chastening grace of purity instinctive in a man of refined taste who allows himself to utter his own thoughts of feminine attractions, in those two descriptions of lovely recumbent womanhood; both, too, where the sleeper lies under the gaze of lawless eyes. Beneath the words of villainous Iachimo how distinctly we behold the delicate idealizing of Shakespeare's perceptions: —

> How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
> And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
> But kiss; one kiss! — Rubies unparagoned.
> How dearly they do't — 'Tis her breathing that
> Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame of the taper
> Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
> To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
> Under these windows, white and azure, laced
> With blue of heaven's own tinct.

Even in the earlier-drawn picture of Lucrece, we trace the younger Shakespeare's own heart-beat tempered by purest poetic taste: —

> Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under
> Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;

Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is;
Where, like a virtuous monument she lies
To be admired of lewd unhallowed eyes.
Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Showed like an April daisy on the grass.

And it is interesting to observe, — as a corroboration of Shakespeare's self being traceable beneath these two passages, that he commences the one upon Imogen with a reference which recalls his own previously written one upon Lucrece: —

Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded.

Of Shakespeare's intense earnestness and ardour as a lover, we have glowing evidence in the impassioned words of Romeo, of Troilus, of Florizel, and in the husband-utterances of Othello, Coriolanus, and Posthumus: —

O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!

And: —

O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge.

And: —

Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

That he was a man capable of the warmest and most devoted friendship, we have not only the latent-lucid testimony of the Sonnets and the open strenuous declaration of the Dedication of *Lucrece* to Henry Wriothesly, Lord Southampton, but we may trace in the honoring and devoted attachment of Hamlet to Horatio, of Antonio to Bassanio, of the Sea-Captain to Sebastian, Shakespeare's genuine estimate of the strength of man's regard towards his selected bosom-friend. The fact of the *two* Dedications of *Venus and Adonis* and of *Lucrece* being to the same man, together with the significant words in the first, — "If your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and *vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour*," and then the singularly pregnant phrases in the second, — "*The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end. . . . What I have done is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours*," — all combine to show the deep sentiment of friendship that existed in Shakespeare's "heart of heart:" for, be it remembered, he

was not the man to write lightly, such solemnly affiancing words; what he wrote, he put a force and meaning into, that make his writings such as will endure for ever.

That he was "the best king of good fellows," and had a faculty for the very best of good fellowship, we may gather from his animated pictures of Prince Hal, Jack Falstaff and Ned Poins at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, marvellously according with what we know of the meetings at the Mermaid Tavern, where Ben Jonson, Will Shakespeare, Francis Beaumont, John Fletcher, and their co-mates "left an air behind" them "which alone was able to make the two next companies right witty;" and where of the "words so nimble and so full of subtile flame" that were there heard, doubtless the brilliantest came from the Stratford-on-Avon man, whose supremacy in wit-combats Fuller records, when describing two of these boon companions:— "Which two," says he, "I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performance. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, *could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.*" And nobly corroborative witness, both to his loveable qualities and to his intellectual qualities, is borne by Ben Jonson's fervent sentence: "—I love the man, and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, *wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.*"

Fully are these contemporary delineations of the living man himself borne out by what we collect from his own writings. See, for instance the way in which the high spirits of Mercutio carry him on through the vivacities and fantasies of the celebrated "Queen Mab" speech, through the banter of Romeo's enamoured ecstacies and of Benvolio's staider gravities, for the enlivenment of his comrades; or the way in which Biron's wit and fancy hurry him through the impulsive harangue on the might of Woman's beauty and the might and right of Love himself; or the lighter and livelier strain in which Gratiano runs on, to remonstrate with Antonio on his too pensive mood,—all these furnishing so many proofs of the truth that the Dramatist himself could indulge in "words so nimble and so full of subtile flame" for the exhilaration of his companions, while evincing his own cordiality of fellowship "by the quickness of his wit and invention" exerted on their behalf.

The inculcations of cheerfulness and the wisdom of encouraging alacrity and valiancy of spirit, which are to be found in his plays, bespeak the man of cheerful nature and of habitual good spirits, however—like many naturally cheerful men—he might be subject to occasional fits of depression or even of deep dejection. Some of these

latter I have always felt may be traced to the early death of his only son, Hamnet; while to the same cause we may probably owe Shakespeare's exquisitely tender portraitures of boy childhood, — young prince Arthur, little Mamillius, and the spirited sketch of Coriolanus's son.

Of Shakespeare's innate magnanimity and generosity of forgiveness we have abundant and forcible indication. Not only from the renowned speech on mercy in the *Merchant of Venice* and from the two less-known appeals in *Measure for Measure* (respectively beginning, "No ceremony that to great ones 'longs," and, "Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once") may we deduce our Poet's profound impression of leniency, but look at Valentine's effusive response to Proteus's confession of ill-doing and supplication for pardon: —

> Then am I paid;
> And once again I do receive thee honest.
> Who by repentance is not satisfied,
> Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleased.
> By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased.

And Posthumus's noble reply to the avowed treachery of Iachimo: —

> Kneel not to me:
> The power that I have on you is to spare you;
> The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
> And deal with others better.

And Edgar's affectingly tolerant words to the brother who had wrought him irreparable injury:

> Let's exchange charity.

Then, what purely magnanimous words Shakespeare has put into the mouths of two of his finest-souled women, Hermione and Imogen, through whom he utters his own conviction of what is truly the emotion of one who has cruelest wrongs to condone: —

> How will this grieve you,
> When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
> You thus have published me! gentle my lord,
> You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
> You did mistake.

And: —

> I grieve myself
> To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
> That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
> Will then be panged by me.

Clearly are to be seen the Dramatist's delicacy and shrinking from even an approach to self-laudation: —

> The care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calen-

dar of my past endeavour; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

And: —

> It is the witness still of excellency,
> To put a strange face on his own perfection.

And: —

> In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
> As modest stillness and humility.

The same prudence, practicality, and foresight which we have learned distinguished our poet in some of his transactions when alive and providing for himself and family, — such as purchases of land at Stratford-on-Avon, of a copyhold tenement there, and of a house not only there but in Blackfriars, his activity in preventing the enclosure of common land near his native town, his promotion of a scheme "for the better repair of the highways," his planting a mulberry-tree in his own grounds, — are to be discerned, by glimpses, through some of his illustrative passages. Notably through one; which I have always felt might have arisen to his mind from his own debates with himself, when, previous to his purchase of "New Place" (or "The Great House" as it was sometimes called) he duly weighed which would be to his better advantage, to build or to buy a residence wherein to dwell:

> When we mean to build,
> We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
> And when we see the figure of the house,
> Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
> Which if we find outweighs ability,
> What do we then, but draw anew the model
> In fewer offices, or, at least, desist
> To build at all?

Observe the evidences of Shakespeare's pre-eminent appreciation of the potency of imagination; not only in the grand truth that all through underlies Theseus's well-known speech, with its would-be mocking gird, — "such tricks hath strong imagination," — but in many passages like this: —

> Nature wants stuff to vie strange forms with fancy.

Or: —

> The providence that's in a watchful state
> Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
> Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps;
> Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
> Does thought, unveil in their dumb cradles.

And how we can perceive his own half provoked, half amused detection of the obtuseness with which airy flights of fancy and rich

wealth of imagination are received — or, rather, not received — by simpleton hearers: —

> When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.

Or, where Sir Toby, — adverting to the poetically philosophic creed of the time, asks, "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" and Sir Andrew, with his matter-of-fact stolidity, answers, "Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking," — we seem absolutely to see Shakespeare himself confronted by one of those dull, prosaic, commonplace folks, plenty of whom he must undoubtedly often have met, utterly incapable of following his daring soars into the region of whimsical allusion, or by minds wholly unable to conceive his raptures of imaginative audacity.

That he had an exquisite sense of fun we cannot for an instant doubt; and we feel that he must have had infinite zest and enjoyment in writing some of his most uproarious scenes of merriment — such as the one on board Pompey's galley, and the shorter one where Enobarbus goes off into shouts of laughter with Agrippa at Lepidus's absurdly prone worship of Octavius Cæsar and of Mark Antony; also we actually hear the irrepressible chuckle with which the Poet must have penned some of Falstaff's witty rogueries. There is no mistaking his own mirth at that impudent iteration of "gravy, gravy, gravy, my lord!" when retorting upon the Lord Chief Justice's "gravity;" or at "For my voice, — *I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems*;" or at "I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, *let him lend me the money, and have at him!*" or at "Well, *if my mind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.*" Fancy such immortal waggeries having been written with a grave face! Impossible!!

His having been known as "gentle Shakespeare" by those with whom he consociated, is borne out by countless instances that might be cited from his writings. Among them, note the gentleness of consideration shown by Brutus to the boy Lucius in that perfect little scene towards the close of the fourth Act of *Julius Cæsar;* or the tender address of Pericles to his new-born daughter, with the still more tender farewell to the dead body of his wife when committing it, "scarcely coffined, to the ooze." It is not so much that the situation requires gentlest treatment and diction, as we feel that in Shakespeare's own nature the gentleness and tenderness were there. Well did Cardinal Wiseman say: — "No other author has perhaps existed who has so completely reflected himself in his works as Shakespeare. For, as artists will tell us that every great master has more or less reproduced in his works characteristics to be found in himself, this is far more true of our greatest dramatist, whose genius, whose

mind, whose heart, and whose entire soul live and breathe in every page and every line of his imperishable works."

Who can fail to descry Shakespeare's own keen distress at the thought of woman's infidelity and fall from the height where love enthrones her, in those passionate throes and heart-cries of anguish that burst from Troilus in the speeches beginning: — "To make a recordation to my soul" and "This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida." Or in Posthumus's soliloquy embittered, by agony, at the close of the second Act, and in his tenderly remorseful one at the opening of the fifth Act, of *Cymbeline?* As Shakespeare had the most exalted ideal of womanhood, painting it in vividest colors and with a wondrous insight into the very core of feminine feeling such as no male writer save himself ever had (making every woman bound in gratitude to him eternally) — so had he acutest pain at sight of her frailties and failings. At the same time, he gave way to none of the vulgar general flings at womens' inferiority, and never joined in the too-common attribution to them of weakness, pettiness, or worthlessness; for, as Coleridge pertinently remarks: — "All the sarcasms on them in Shakespeare are put in the mouths of villains."

Our Poet's honest, straightforward, simple veracity and reverence for truth, shine clearly forth in such lines as: —

> Few words to fair faith.

Or: —

> There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

And we seem to hear his own voice in: —

> While others fish with craft for great opinion,
> I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
> Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
> With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare,
> Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
> Is — plain, and true; — there's all the reach of it.

In numerous lustrously eloquent passages we behold Shakespeare's unmistakable love and comprehension of music in its innermost beauty; but perhaps in none more transparently than in those two brief, simple, yet most comprehensive sentences: —

> I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

And: —

> It gives a very echo to the seat
> Where love is throned.

And what a lesson may be learned against the impertinent and too-frequent habit of chattering while music is going on, by Shakespeare's own evident courtesy and practice in this respect, where he makes

even the impetuous Hotspur break off his playful parley with his wife, when Lady Mortimer begins her Welsh song with an abrupt: —

Peace, she sings.

Of Shakespeare's own love of flowers who can doubt, when are read his allusions to their grace and descriptions of their qualities and properties, strewn thickly as blossoms on a bridal or a royal pathway throughout his dramas? We can see him, — in his strolls through the lanes of pleasant Shottery, where he wooed and won his wife while yet a youth of eighteen, — gathering the wayside weeds and grasses, contemplating their loveliness, conning their virtues, and storing up the honeyed delight they gave him in his walks among the broad meadows, the lush poppies, buttercups, daisies of the field, the ragged robins, tall fox-gloves, and lurking violets of the hedgerows (so fascinatingly described in Rose Kingsley's papers on *Shakespeare's Country*), against the time when he should have quitted these rural surroundings and rambles for the streets of London with their urban growths of men and women, affording him an entirely other kind of floral study. Many a time, when oppressed by a stifling sense of town crowding and bustling, of court sophistications, of heated atmosphere and want of pure air, must he have turned in thought to his free wanderings along Avon banks, about delightful Stratford and its picturesque vicinity, to the breezy wafts of liberty and refreshment, perfumed by scent of wild-flowers, that met him on each return to his native home, prompting him to retire there permanently, at leisure to deck his garden-beds with daintiest blooms, and plant trees for shade and repose.

All this, and much more, may be traced in his glorious writings, by the diligent and loving student who reads them aright. Most truly has Emerson said: — "Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare; and even he can tell nothing except to the Shakespeare in us."

To "the Shakespeare in us," methinks, is plainly told that he was a man of most genial and gentle nature, — truthful, devout, magnanimous, modest, prudent, earnest, tender-hearted, sensitive-conscienced, — passionately fond of music, of flowers, of children, — an ardent lover, a devoted friend, — with madcap spirits at times, yet with profoundest sympathy for misery, and sorrow for evil; moreover, possessed of transcendent genius, to put into poetic words what he himself felt.

Certain it is, that during, the many years that my better self and I worked together at promoting a more extended and more appreciative knowledge of Shakespeare, studying him day by day and hour by hour, we learned to love the man as well as to admire and revere the Poet.

Blessed be his "spirit" for the bounteous ideas and associations

with which it beatified two blended lives and with which it has comforted the one left!

His "spirit" is ours, "the better part" of him, A rich legacy bequeathed to his fellow-beings, for which they are the wealthier, the wiser, the happier, the better, evermore. One, infinitely and inexpressibly beholden to him and grateful to him, is

MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

IX. CHARLES JENNENS.

Very little is known concerning the life of Charles Jennens, and even the date of his birth has not been preserved. He was a man of wealth, however, and had a very elegant country-seat called "Gopsal," in Leicestershire, England, where he resided a great portion of the year. He also had a residence in London, in Great Ormond Street, which was elegant enough to warrant its being described in a work entitled *London and its Environs*, published about that time. He was the owner of the celebrated Jansen portrait of Shakespeare, and seems to have long been a great admirer of the poet and his works. He died in 1774.

In 1770 he published an edition of *King Lear*, which has the following title: "*King Lear*, A Tragedy, by William Shakespeare. Collated with the old and modern editions. London: Printed by W. and J. Richardson, and sold by B. White, in Fleet Street. M. DCC.LXX." It will be noticed that Jennens' name did not appear on the title page, nor is it mentioned in any part of the book. On the contrary, he did all he could to conceal the fact that he had edited it, for his dedication was in these words: "To Charles Jennens, Esq. at Gopsal, Leicestershire, under whose patronage, by access to whose library, and from whose hints and remarks, the Editor hath been enabled to attempt an Edition of Shakespeare, the same is inscribed, with the greatest respect and gratitude, by his most obliged, and obedient humble servant, The Editor." Certainly it was a novel and ingenious way of concealing his identity, and it was effectual for some time. The book is of octavo size, neatly printed, and contains for a frontispiece, a soft and beautiful mezzotint of the Jansen portrait of Shakespeare, by R. Earlom. Underneath the print was the statement that it was "from an Original Picture by Cornelius Jansen in the Collection of C. Jennens Esqr." This was the first public announcement that such a picture was in existence, and is the first fact we are acquainted with in the history of this beautiful portrait.

A list of the editions collated follows a short preface, and then there is given a table which shows the Act and Scene in which each character in the play appears. This is very useful, and has been often imitated in later editions, but credit has never been given to Jennens for the plan.

"A sketch of the play" occupies eleven pages, and is very complete. Then comes the play, and a notable innovation was made in printing the Act and the Scene at the top of the right hand pages. This improvement was adopted by nearly all of Jennens' successors, but, as usüal, no credit was given to him for his clever idea. This little thing has saved millions of people a vast amouut of trouble in finding a particular passage in Shakespeare, and it is a pleasure to here record the fact that they owe the origin of it to Charles Jennens.

The great novelty and value of this edition, however, lay in the fact that Jennens gave the results of his collation of all the editions which preceded his at the bottom of each page of the text. All the former editions professed to have collated the old editions, but, prior to Capell, there was very little ıeal collation done by any of them. Capell collated the old copies with great accuracy and diligence, and the results of his work were published, subsequent to his edition, in his *Notes and Various Readings*. By his unfortunate decision not to give them in his edition, however, he deprived it of much of the value it would otherwise have had; and rendered the use of his collations very vexatious and troublesome. Capell's *Notes and Various Readings* were not published until 1779–81, though promised on the title page of his edition in 1778–79. It remained for Jennens therefore to first print the various readings at the bottom of the text, and it can be asserted without fear of contradiction, that never before had such a valuable aid been given to the critical student of Shakespeare as was here afforded him. All the editors who succeeded Jennens, however, down to the Cambridge editors in 1863, neglected to follow the plain path of duty thus laid down by him; and they all omitted this most valuable plan. Many persons are even at this day probably unaware that he inaugurated this system. The Cambridge Edition is often mentioned as the first one in which the various readings are given; and, in the otherwise admirable preface to the first volume of that edition, where the different editors of Shakespeare and their editions are passed in review, Jennens' name is entirely omitted. No reference is made either to him or his edition in the preface, and this is a strange oversight on the part of the editors of that work. It seems to have been Jennens' fate, however, to have had his labors passed over in silence, and he has been most unfairly treated by those who came after him.

His text is a very good one, and many of his notes are excellent. In the preface to his edition of *King Lear*, Jennens says:

> It will appear to any one who will give himself the trouble of examination, that no fair and exact collation of Shakespeare hath yet been presented to the public.

Great were the hopes that Mr. Capell's edition would have at length gratified their curiosity, in giving them with his text, the various readings of the old editions in one view, that every reader might be furnished with materials to judge, and that with ease and readiness, what might be Shakespeare's and what not. But so far from such a desirable end being answered by his edition, we are only farther led in the dark thereby; and are held in trust for notes which might much better have been inserted with the text. But he was afraid his notes placed with the text should spoil the beauty of the book. If they are good ones they would not: for that man must be greatly mistaken in his ideas of beauty, who prefers the handsome appearance of a page in black and white, to the quick and easy information of his readers in matters necessary to be known for their becoming proper judges of the sense of the author, and the goodness of the edition. Would not Mr. Capell's readers have been much more obliged to him, if with the text he had given his notes, which (supposing them valuable) would, in such a situation, have had additional value, in being easily perused, without the trouble of turning over pages, and interrupting, for a longer time than was necessary, their way through the author? for this will be the case when his notes do appear.

His method in compiling the text was to print after what he thought the best edition of each play, with such alterations as he saw fit to make. And he proposes hereafter, in his *School of Shakespeare*, to give his reasons for preferring the particular edition he makes use of. But this is far from being the best method, for it is evident that one edition, though the best, may be in many places corrected by another, though a worse edition; and the several editions are a mutual help to each other, or why do editors collate? And if they do collate, why do they not publish their collations, so that their readers may be in possession of them? No editor that I know of has a right to impose upon everybody his own favourite reading, or to give his own conjectural interpolation, without producing the readings of the several editions. The editor who does so, though he may be a good critic, will not be looked upon as a fair dealer, for, after all the public will be the judge, and will censure every editor according as he has abused or disabused it.

What the public is here presented with, is only one play of Shakespeare faithfully collated, line by line, with the old as well as modern editions; the different readings whereof are given with notes at the bottom of the page. * * * 'Tis no doubt a slavish business to proceed through so many editions of so voluminous a writer, in the slow and exact manner this editor hath done in *King Lear*, and proposes to do in the rest of Shakespeare's plays: and though it is a work that seemed absolutely necessary; yet nothing but the merit of the author, and the approbation of his admirers, could inspire one with patience to undergo so laborious a task.

In making his collations it was his custom to arrange the various editions of the play he was at work upon in a line upon a long table. He then passed rapidly from one to another, reading the same line in them all. Steevens heard of this, and called him thereafter "the shuttlecock commentator." Thus did this witty man seek to belittle all who dared to compete with him in annotating Shakespeare.

On the appearance of Jennens' edition of *King Lear* it was severely criticized in *The Critical Review* for December 1770 and January 1771. George Steevens has been supposed to have written these reviews, and supposition is probably correct. They were written in a very unfair spirit, and were marked by a degree of intemperance of language which is always to be deprecated. They attacked the editor of the play, the manner in which it was edited, and even the portrait which adorned it. Jennens is thus dismissed: "Vale, Jennine noster! literatorum omnium minime princeps!

Arrogance ill becomes the man who commences critick at a time of life, when the little judgement and fancy he ever possessed, are both in their decline!" Arrogance is certainly no where to be found in Jennens' work, for he was the most modest of editors.

These reviews of his work seem to have stung Jennens to the quick, and he answered them in a pamphlet published in 1772, entitled: *The Tragedy of King Lear, as lately published, Vindicated from the Abuse of The Critical Reviewers; and the Wonderful Genius and Abilities of those Gentlemen for Criticism, set forth, celebrated, and extolled, by The Editor of King Lear.* In this work, which it will be observed was published anonymously, Jennens informed the reader that the reviews of his *King Lear* were written by George Steevens and Dr. Johnson, and he ascribes their hostility to the fact that the former was preparing a new edition of Shakespeare, and did not wish for any rivals in the field. He caught Dr. Johnson tripping in his geography, when the learned lexicographer spoke of Gopsal, (the country-seat of Jennens,) as if it were a town in Leicestershire! He answers the objections raised to his edition with a great deal of force. To the point raised that he was too minute in his collation he replies:

> To this charge of too minute exactness, it would be sufficient to answer, that it is the duty of every editor who pretends to collate, to give all the different readings of the several editions of his work; otherwise he imposes on the public, who from the title of a *collated work*, must naturally expect all the different readings; and if in the course of collating he meets with what he may justly think a trifling, insignificant difference of reading, he is not at liberty to suppress it; he must produce it, and leave the public to judge whether it be insignificant or not.

Finally, Jennens having exhausted his arguments and his patience, thus bids farewell to his tormenters:

> And now farewel, then great and wondrous *Brobdingagian*, Dr. *Samuel Lexiphanes*, whose mighty pen can *make Fritters of English*, and nonsense of sense. Farewel, thou co-partner of his learned labours, most diminutive native of *Liliput*, little *George*, who peepst out of his pocket. Neither of you sprung from the race of the immortal *Gulliver*, but such as his *descendent* has in his literary peregrinations unfortunately blundered on.

In 1773 Jennens published editions of *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*; and in 1774 *Julius Cæsar* was issued. These were all edited on the same plan as his edition of *King Lear*. In none of the plays, did Jennens' name appear. They form a valuable series of editions of the plays, considering the time when they were published, and it has been already related wherein their special excellence lies. Justice has never been done to Charles Jennens, and it is with special pleasure that the attempt is here made to award to him the praise which he certainly earned and merited. Had he lived to have published all the plays in a collected edition perhaps his merits as an editor would have been better known.

J. Parker Norris

THE STAGE IN CHINA.

The Chinese Theatre is the attractive subject of a book recently published in Paris.* Unfortunately, however, as the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* complains, the author writes from the European instead of the Chinese stand-point. He is more Parisian than the Parisians, in fact as Parisian as a foreign-born Parisian, and after appearing to promise everything, he ends by pleasing rather than instructing and fails to add more than a few new points to those already nosed out by the erudite Chinese specialists of Europe. The grave and austere character of the ancient sages of China disapproved of dramatic diversions and the first time the Theatre is referred to in Chinese history is when an Emperor of the dynasty of Chang receives praise for proscribing this vain pleasure. Dramatic Art in China took regular form somewhat late, in the neighborhoood of the eighth or ninth century of our era, under the dynasty of Chang. None of its first attempts survive and to find actual examples one must descend to the dynasties of Kin and Youen, that is to the middle of our twelfth century. About six hundred pieces belong to this time. Among the most interesting are; *The Revenge of Teou-ngo-Savant, The Wise Courtesan, The Prodigal Child, The Orphan of the House of Tchao,* from whence Voltaire drew his *Orphelin de la Chine*, the *Pi-pa-ki*, the master-piece of the Chinese Theatre, *The Intrigues of a Soubrette, The Transmigration of Yo-cheou*, and *The Debt Payable in the Life to Come.* The three last mentioned are dramas *tao-sse*, that is of lively satire, and in this case upon the superstitions or the dogmas of Bouddhism. Others of these plays of the Youen century have been distinguished under the heads of dramas judicial, historical, and domestic, and comedies of intrigue, character or mythology—the names and the divisons reveal clearly enough their nature and their likeness to the dramas of the modern Western World. And many others interior resemblances in them to English or French plays seem to show that this dramatic literature of a strange race developed more aloof from ours than that

**Le Thèâtre des Chinois, études de mœurs Comparees*, par le général Tcheng-Ki-tong, Paris, 1886: Calmann Levy.

of any other, which has received less from us, and has given us less, nevertheless has more points of similiarity in manners and disposition to our plays than have the Comedies of Aristophanes or the Drama of Æschuylus.

Nowhere are theatrical amusements more common than in China. Yet there are no fixed theatres nor regular companies of actors. The comedians go from town to town, erect their stage in public places, with the consent or at the invitation of the local authorities, or they give representations at private houses, contenting themselves and their spectators, with a back-ground stage-setting for all decoration, and, if wanted, supplying field or forest scene, the royal hall, carpets, furniture and decorations of any kind which they lack by a pompous announcement, "So," says M. Tcheng-ki-tong, "our public enters directly into comunication with the imagination of the poet. Thus the spectator does not follow the action, he himself conducts it. Thus the ideal becomes real, without more effort than it costs to make at will one's own illusions." Such unstudiedness and simplicity belonged to the infancy of our own dramatic art. So, indeed, at the Globe in Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's time, a written scroll took the place of decorations, so in France at the beginning even of the seventeenth century the Caravan of the Roman Comique was displayed upon the highways, so Moliére himself with his company, whose societaires were not yet then what they have become, went to give representations in towns for a moderate price. And strange to say, although the Chinese theatre is the product of a hoary civilization and like it is advanced in many respects, yet in many other respects it has remained in infancy, early fixed in rigid forms which it has not been able to break through. Now, at this day things take place in China as they did in the days of Kin and Youen and pieces dated a thousand or twelve hundred years ago are played upon the Chinese stage and understood as if they were composed yesterday.

One singular feature of the Chinese Drama deserves special notice. In these pieces from the Youen repertory a personage who sings, plays a prominent part. Elsewhere he takes part in the action, rather perhaps one should say he conducts it, and also on occasion he uplifts his voice and sings instead of declaiming his lines. "It is this singing actor who makes the originality of our stage," says M. Tcheng-ki-tong.

RECENT SHAKESPEARE-BACON LITERATURE.

II.

BY W. H. WYMAN.

281 SHAKESPEARE AND HIS AESTHETIC CRITICS. By APPLETON MORGAN. In the *Catholic World*, New York, for December, 1884. pp. 11 (379 to 389.) *Anti-Sh.*

In this paper Mr. Morgan deplores the fact that such perfectly equipped societies as the New Shakspere of London, should ignore the reasonable doubt that many conscientious scholars entertain of a complete Shakespearian authorship, and prefer, instead, creating a Shakespeare to fit the plays, stocking him with attributes out of the contest.

"There is precisely the same evidence that Shakespeare had murdered his wife, like Othello, and his rival, like Macbeth, and had been driven from home by his daughters, like Lear, or that he had 'buried a beloved child,' like Queen Constance, or 'experienced intimations of immorality,' or was of 'diffident but retiring disposition,'" etc.

282 AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH CHARLES READE. By MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS. In the *Century*, for November, 1884. ½ page (p. 79). *Pro-Sh.*

This simply gives Mr. Reade's opinion, as expounded by him to the writer:

"He was severe in his denunciation of Hawthorne for giving countenance to anything so puerile as Miss Bacon's argument; but I am sure if he could have heard Hawthorne's own disapproval of himself on this head he would have been disarmed of his keen weapon."

'"Any one,"' Reade said, "'who had ever made a study of either mind or style must see how clearly impossible it is that the works of Bacon and Shakespeare could be evolved from the same brain. As well hold an eagle under water twenty minutes and expect him to come up the better for it."'

283 DER SHAKESPEARE UND BACON-STREIT. Von DR. KARL MÜLLER-MYLIUS. In *Unsere Zeit*, Leipsig, Oct. 10, 1884. pp. 19. *Anti-Sh.*

The extracts translated below will give an idea of Dr. Müller's opinions:

"This doubt arose early among men who studied the Shakespearian plays thoroughly. The contrast between the education and life of the historical Shakespeare and the phenomenal greatness of his works surprised many even at an early date, and however great a proof of his wonderful genius his admirers, biographers, and

commentators found in this contrast, they did not succeed in overthrowing the just and natural doubt. Therefore, the suspicion occurred to some early British critics that the traditional Shakespeare could not have written all the works ascribed to him, which follows from their varied poetical signification and there external differences. Hence the supposition that these plays might have been written partly by others and only revised and adapted to the stage by Shakespeare. This was the beginning of the Anti-Shakespearian Theory. The contradiction between the deficient education of the historical Shakespeare and the universal knowledge revealed in his works has also surprised some German commentators, for example Rumelin, but they could not explain it satisfactorily either to themselves or their readers. The doubt existed, but remained unspoken, or was only gently intimated, and led to a certain degree a latent life, until some bold voices finally proclaimed it aloud and so broke the ban."

* * * * * *

"It is not mere love of contradiction or the charm of novelty that has induced thousands in England and America to join this cause. Germany, which has done as much if not more than England and America in Shakespearian investigation, is also entitled to a voice in this matter, and perhaps to cast the decisive vote. 'Columbus discovered the New World which now bears the name of another.' How easily possible that something similar has taken place with the Shakespearian plays. The question is put and its discussion is opened. The impulse to further research and investigation is given by the literary material cited by us, and by the account of the historical development of the Anti-Shakespearian theory. The wish that the German intelligence may also be brought to bear upon this interesting literary question of to-day and may take part in its discussion has incited me to the preceding lines."

284 DID FRANCIS BACON WRITE "SHAKESPEARE?" The lives of Bacon and Shakespeare compared with dates and subject matter of the Plays. By the author of Bacon's *Promus*. [MRS. HENRY POTT.] London: W. H. Guest & Co., 1885. Pamphlet, pp. 17. *Anti-Sh.*

Mrs. Pott has here gathered in very compact shape, chronologically arranged, and convenient for reference, the principal known facts is the lives of Bacon and Shakespeare, making a more practical argument then is contained in the *Promus* or any other of her writings. The author supplements it by an eulogium of Bacon, and a defense of his memory:

"We appeal to those into whose hands this little outline of a great and wonderful life may fall, to lay aside prejudice acquired at second hand, and to study for themselves the life and character of Francis Bacon as displayed, not in any one or two questionable transactions, not from a few picked passages of his voluminous works, or in a few letters written under exceptional circumstances — but, as the characters and lives of other great men are studied, and as we humbler individuals would wish posterity to study and to judge our own. Let Bacon be judged by the whole general tenor of his life, and works, and letters, and by their influence on his contemporaries and on posterity for good or for evil."

285 SHAKESPEARE AND BACON. IMAGINATION AND REASON. By HENRY HOOPER. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for January, 1885. pp. 7. *Pro-Sh.*

The tenor of this article is best shown by the opening paragraph:

"That the predominating faculty of Shakespeare's mind was imagination, that of

Bacon's reason, and that these faculties are essentially and characteristically different, are aptly and strikingly illustrated by certain passages in *The Winter's Tale* and Bacon's essay *Of Gardens.* The resemblance of some of the expressions was first pointed out by Mr. Spedding in his edition of Bacon's Works; but as it has since then been seized upon, and worked up into so-called evidence of the authorship of the play by Bacon, a comparison of the passages will reveal the absurdity of the claim."

286 THE SHAKESPEARIAN CONTROVERSY. An Essay. By JOHN LAIRD, JR. Dundee, Scotland: John Long & Co., 1884. Pamphlet. pp. 22. *Anti-Sh.*

The writer, who advises us that it is his misfortune not to have read any discussion of a controversial nature on the question, still follows the usual line of argument. "And what a miserable contrast is that recorded history of the man Shakespeare with the conception which the mind naturally forms of his genius!"

287 DIE AUTORSHAFT DER SHAKESPEARISHEN DRAMEN. By DR. KARL MÜLLER. In the *Kleinen Chronik*, Frankfurt, July 27, 1884. pp. 4½. *Anti-Sh.*

A short review of the Controversy including an answer to Dr. Engel.

288 THE WORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE. By O. B. FROTHINGHAM. In the *Century* for March, 1885. *Pro-Sh.*

This only refers incidentally to this question:

"One is sometimes tempted to regard the dramas as a literature, the product of an age, not of an individual mind; but such a supposition is rendered extremely improbable by the unity of the whole series, as well as by the early association of the collection with the name of the author. The failure of all attempts to show that Bacon or any society of wits wrote the pieces for a purpose, political or other, is strong negative proof that they proceeded from the brain of this man."

289 THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY. By E. A. DAWSON. A paper read before the First Congregational Literary Club, Columbus, Ohio, January 26, 1885. Columbus: 1885. Pamphlet, pp. 30. *Anti-Sh.*

This paper contains a very complete *résumé* of the question. The author discusses the respective styles of the philosopher and poet, and instances at the close, Bacon's paraphrase of Psalm CXXXVII, as compared with two prayers from Shakespeare, that of Henry the Fifth, the night before Agincourt, commencing "O, God of battles!" and that of Richmond on the eve of the battle with Richard the Third, "O, Thou, whose Captain I account myself."

"Read Shakespeare. Read Bacon. By their work you shall know them."

290 PHASES OF OPINION AND EXPERIENCE DURING A LONG LIFE. By CHARLES BRAY. LONDON: Longmans 1884. (See page 78–81). *Anti-Sh.*

The author gives an extract from a letter of H. G. Atkinson:

'Nothing,' said Bulwer (the late Lord Lytton) to me once, 'is more difficult than for a literary man to cease his occupation.' What say you? But if we are to

believe the story, Shakespeare did, that is, retire to absolute idleness in the full possession of his amazing faculties' while 'in Bacon's last year of retirement, the *Novum Organum* came forth, and the *Essays* and the *Advancement of Learning*, with additions under the new style of *De Augmentis*."

Mr. Bray, who is a phrenologist, adds:

"This is curious if true—a man has two immortalities bestowed upon him, and he gives one, probably the most lasting, away.—All I can say is that Bacon's head, as given in the well-known bust by Roubiliac, is the only one that I have seen out of which Shakespeare's plays could have come."

Regarding this, a critic says: "Then he could never have seen the noble Chandos head."

291 BACON AND SHAKESPEARE. An interview with Donnelly Concerning his Wonderful Discovery. In the *National Republican*, Washington, D. C., March 21, 1885. 2½ columns.

Anti-Sh.

This is an account of an interview with Mr. Donnelly at Washington, in which he announces the discovery of a cipher of Bacon's in the plays which he claims to have made, and outlines the scope of his forthcoming book. For explanation of the cipher, see title 295.

292 THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE FOLLY. By Dr. S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE. Two articles in the New York *Observer*. I. March 12, 1885; II. March 26, 1885; each 1¼ colums.

Pro-Sh.

Dr. Allibone's argument is founded mainly on the evidence of the First Folio, and of contemporaries, which he claims is conclusive; and especially that there is no adverse evidence. Of Jonson he says: "He survives Bacon eleven years and Shakespeare twenty-one years, and yet he gives no sign of the greatest literary secrets." Of Milton: He was "eight years old when Shakespeare died, and twenty-four when his beautiful elegy on the dramatist was published in the Second Folio in 1632, yet he never seems to have suspected that he should have praised Bacon instead of Shakespeare." He concludes:

"All the facts are against your theory," urged a disputant to an obstinate antagonist. "Then," replied his undaunted opponent, "So much the worse for the facts."

293 A HARD NUT FOR THE BACONIANS TO CRACK. By DAVID GRAHAM ADEE. In *Progress*, Philadelphia, March, 28, 1885. 1½ colums.

Pro-Sh.

Mr. Adee alludes, in the title above, to the *Three Letters on the Genius aad Writings of Shakespeare*, of John Dennis, the Grub Street Simon; who lived only forty years after Shakespeare, who "had, no doubt, talked with people who had known Shakespeare," and "were quite familiar with late stage traditions and the theatrical small-talk of the time; besides which, he is acknowleged to have been the father of modern criticism." The writer quotes Dennis to show that Shakespeare had no familiar acquaintances with the Grecian or the Roman authors, but consulted not only the traditions, but his more learned contemporaries in the preparation of his works. The following is also quoted to show the errors made by Shakespeare, which could not have been made by one with the learning of Bacon. Dennis says:

"In his tragedy of *Troilus and Cressida*, he introduces Hector speaking of Aristotle, who was born a thousand years after the death of Hector. Alexander is mentioned in Coriolanus, though that conqueror lived about two hundred years after him. The mother of *Coriolanus* in the Roman history (Livy) is Vetturia, and the wife is Volumnia; whereas, in Shakespeare, the wife is Virgilia, and the mother Volumnia; and the Volscian general in Shakespeare is Tullus Aufidius, and Tullus Attius in Livy. How comes it that he takes Plutarch's word, who was by birth a Grecian, for the affairs of Rome, rather than that of the Roman histories, if so be that he had read the latter?"

"*In Shakespeare's time there was a translation of Plutarch*, (North's) *and there was none of Livy!*"

294 NOTES ON HORTICULTURE FROM BACON AND "SHAKESPEARE." Reason and Imagination, or Thoughts and Remembrance fitted. By MRS. HENRY POTT. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia. I. April, 1883, pp. 9. II. May, 1885, pp. 13.

Anti-Sh.

In these papers Mrs. Pott makes a comparison, illustrated by many extracts, of the references to plants and flowers in the writings of Bacon, especially in the Essay *Of Gardens*, and the plays of Shakespeare.

"In some of the essays we have studies or notes for certain portions of many of the Plays; and in the process of harmonizing the whole of the groups of works, we enjoy the delight of watching, as it were, the processes by which the Poet-philosopher collected his dry facts or observations, distilled them into metaphor, and crystallized them in his mighty lines."

(*To be continued.*)

SHAKESPEARE AS A GREEK LEXICOGRAPHER.

Next to the Bacon craze is the mania which now possesses so many specialists for proving Shakespeare to have been an adept in that particular mystery in which each one's own forte lies. (Their feeling is the reverse of that in Abhorson, the hangman, fearing that a clown who sought instructions in his art of neck-noosing would discredit his mystery, and so crying. "Fie upon him!") Some of the first attempts were to make out that Shakespeare was a hunter, a sailor, or soldier. Ere long he was shown to have been a doctor, or lawyer, but never I think a minister. Then he was made to figure as an angler, or a botanist. A recent volume on the insects mentioned in his works no doubt demonstrates that he was nothing if not an entomologist. The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that he was a jack, in the sense of a genius, at all trades, and his little finger thicker than any other man's loins.

Rushton has made a good book on "Shakespeare illustrated by old

authors." Old authors illustrated by Shakespeare would be as good a title, and might lead to a still better book. More than one character in such a volume would show light reflected on the ancient Greeks by the modern Englishman. A specimen of this light appears when we glance at the obligations of Greek lexicography to the player of "small Latin and less Greek."

Some months ago while looking out a Greek word in *Liddell and Scott*, I noticed the remark that that vocable was "best explained" by a certain phrase in Shakespeare which was cited. That Shakespeare should be playing the role of a Greek lexicographer seemed as odd as that Saul should be found among the prophets. Very naturally I thenceforth scrutinized other words in that lexicon whenever my eye chanced to fall on classical authors lit up by side-lights from a source so unexpected.

The results of my observations, so far as I can give them without the use of Greek words, are as follows. The pages to which I refer are those in the seventh edition, (Harpers, 1883).

The following passages on the pages mentioned in Liddell and Scott, are cited from Shakespeare by name, or by the name of some one of his characters,—and each as illustrative of some Greek word, or phrase. Chin new-reaped, (page 77), unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled, (135), more sinned against than sinning, (387) so equal is the poise of this fell war (711) lifter, (813) high-gravel blind (890) convey the wise it call, (891) also (1704) limb-meal, (935) pretty chickens, (999) in my mind's eye, (1084) bestride me, Hal, (1182) sea of troubles, (1254) my sceptre's awe, (1378) I'll trust by leisure him who mocks me once, (1518) take a breed of barren metal, (1562) squeak and gibber, (1575 thrice-renowned, (1578). Let it rain potatoes, (1651) medicines to make me love him, (1680) my seated heart knocks at my ribs, (1692) my way of life is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, (1699) sable-siv ered, (1731).

The following Shakespearian expressions have also met my eye, printed with quotation marks, but without the author's name: deeds without a name, (223) sick in love with, (392) measure for measure (711) words of fear, (844) my heart knocks at my ribs, (872) hair-breadth scapes, (1020) the trappings and the suits of woe, (1141) but a span, (1211) all the world's a stage, (1397) cabin'd, cribbed, confined (1448).

These quotations, numbering thirty-four, are taken from no less than seventeen dramas, namely, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *1 Henry IV.*, *3 Henry VI.*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Cymbeline*, *Troilus*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Merry Wives*, *Macbeth*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Much Ado*, *Measure for Measure*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Othello*, *As You Like It.*

They are adduced as explanatory of at least seventeen Greek authors, namely, Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Menander, the Anthology, Apollonius, Rhodius, Hero-

dotus, Thucydides, Aristotle, Plato, Plutarch, Theocritus, Sophron, Nicephorous, Euphorio.

Did they all betoken undesigned coincidences with any one single Greek they would demonstrate that he wrote Shakespeare, more conclusively than any thing in *Promus* indicates the Baconian authorship of any Shakespearian play.

The lexicon also abounds in Shakespearian expressions employed as the most part to the purpose that can be found,—but not quoted at all. Instances are such as these; unnatural murder, (205) weigh upon the heart, lie heavy on her soul, (481) sea of troubles, (817) quoted on page 1254, unknit the brow, (1100) time honored (1110) multitudinous, (1115), &c., &c.

Like the apostles gathering fragments, I am astonished that I have filled so large a basket so soon. Moreover, in the feast of languages served up by Liddell and Scott there are many more Shakespearian scraps worth stealing, and it is an honorable kind of thievery. It would be no wonder if I came across one the next time I open their pages. Besides, there must be further progress in the line along which those scholars have started. The infinity of delicate differentiations in the Greek will more and more drive those who would transfuse them into our vernacular to the oceanic vocabulary of Shakespeare for aptest words and most felicitous phrases. Thus more and more will the impressson be cumulative that our supreme poet was not for a day—or an age —but for all time,—for the past no less than the future. Let then the new departure in lexicography go on till the myriad-minded bard

> Shall with a bond of air,—strong as the axletree
> On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
> To his experienced tongue.

The great lesson I seem to learn in tracing the relation of Shakespeare to the Greek dictionary is the kinship of Genius. As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man. Deep calleth unto deep. Spirits finely touched to fine issues will be more and more seen to be analogous to each other not only in thought but in expression. Brethren by the higher birth,—and the language of their hearts being identical,—the utterances of their tongues cannot fail to show multitudinous similarities.

J. G. Butler.

ANNALS OF THE CAREER OF HENRY PORTER.

Of Henry Porter, "gentleman," nothing is known, but from the entries in Henslowe's *Diary*. These will be found here correctly enumerated. The account of them in Hazlitt's *Dodsly* is incomplete and misleading.

* 1596, December 16th.— "Pd. unto Mr. Porter five pound." This entry, which like all those asterised, is omitted by Hazlitt, is important as showing that Porter was connected with the Admiral's company before their junction with Pembrooke's in October 1587. 4 D. p. 77.

* 1597, March 7th.— Porter borrows four pounds of Henslowe. p. 77.

1567, August 23rd.— This entry relating to Night's *Isle of Dogs* is a forgery.

1598, May 30th.— *Love Prevented* was purchased by Henslowe for four pounds. This is probably the play published in 1599 as *The Two Angry Women of Abington*. It is a play of errors, shrews, jealousy; and was evidently a rival play to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

* 1598, June 25th.— Porter gives Henslowe his word for twenty shillings advanced to Chettle in earnest of his writing *Two Black Batmen of the North*, and "for the performance of the same."

1598, August 18th.— Porter, Chettle and Jonson receive six pounds in full for *Hot Anger soon Cold*.

1598, December 22nd.— Porter sells for five pounds the second part of *The Two Angry Women of Abington*. Even if I am wrong in identifying the first part with *Love Prevented* it must have been of a date anterior to this second part, and if not that play, what other could it have been?

1599, February 28th.— Porter receives two pounds in earnest of *Two Merry Women of Abington* and promises Henslowe that he should have "all his books which he writ either himself or with any other."

1599, March 4th.— Porter and Chettle receive ten shillings in earnest of *The Spencers*.

* 1599, April 7th.— Porter borrows twenty shillings of Henslowe. p. 147.

1599, April 11th.—Porter borrows two shillings six pence of Henslowe. p. 94.

* 1599, April 16th.—On receipt of twelve pence Porter binds himself to repay twenty-five shillings (for which his bond was forfeited to Henslowe) on the next day, 17th April; or else to forfeit ten pounds. p. 261 and p. 94.

1599, May 5 15.—Porter borrows two shillings six pence on each occasion. p. 94. And on May 26th he acknowledges that he owes Henslowe ten shillings. This is the final notice of this genial author.

F. G. Fleay.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[*Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should in all cases, follow the Globe edition.*]

ERRORS IN MRS. DALL'S NEW BOOK.

Editor Notes and Queries:

I venture to send you a slight list of the errors in Mrs. Dall's *What we Really Know About Shakespeare.*

P. 25. His plays are entirely free from the superstitious notions and errors of his time.

On the contrary, the richest chronicle of "these errors and superstitions," the most valuable treatises (so to speak) of them, are from the plays. Dozens of volumes have been written, Folk Lore, Ghost Lore, Fairy Mythology, Superstitions, etc., of Shakespeare's time, as chronicled in the plays. Goadby has an excellent chapter (*England of Shakespeare* ch. VII,) on "Science and Superstitions," and as this book is extant, and can be bought for thirty-five cents or so, anywhere; it seems a pity that a lady who writes about Shakespeare should not have heard of it.

P. 26. There is not a particle of proof that he was apprenticed to a butcher.

This statement (whatever its worth) is in Aubrey, in the same paragraph in which he states that Shakespeare was once a schoolmaster, which latter statement Mrs. Dall mentions, on p. VI of her Preface, *as an original* discovery of her own, saying that it has never been "before quoted as having significance, so far as I know."

P. 29. Shakespeare was too sincere an artist to turn the *et tu Brute* of the dying Cæsar into English.

As a matter of fact, Cæsar said, *Και συ Βρουτε*, (or as Suetonius says *Και συ Τεκνον.*)

Greek was at that date the court language of Rome. Shakespeare, however, although he translated the passage, knew this fact. See *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii. 277.

Cassius. Did Cæsar say anything?
Casca. Yes, he spoke Greek.

P. 59. (again on p. 157). In 1608. . . . While Shakespeare and his company were traveliing along the Southern Coast.

This is a rather *ex cathedra* statement to find in a volume entitled "What we Really Know About Shakespeare" whose author says (in her Preface) that she desires only to give "hard facts" (p. IV.) and to prepare "a handbook which every child could buy."

I venture to send the above, because so far as I know and believe, they refer to points entirely conceded by every Shakespearian student. As to the statements in Mrs. Dall's book as to which there may be controversies, perhaps she had a right to tell her children that Shakespeare wrote his plays in the interest of the common people, (p. 83,) or that one of Shakespeare's pall-bearers is buried in Virginia (p. 69,). but on matters of no dispute, Mrs. Dall should cling to the truth. Nor should she make (on page 148) Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps responsible for the resurrection of the old Payne Collier forgery of the "Southampton Letter," exposed with microscope, acid and every other necessary adjunct, so carefully and completely by Sir Francis Maddern, Mr. Hamilton and Dr. Ingleby twenty-five years ago.

HORACE P. HARMAN.

NEW YORK.

MRS. DALL'S REPLY.

EDITOR NOTES AND QUERIES:

I thank you very sincerely for giving me the opportunity to reply to the notes of H. P. Harman.

P. 25. Mr. Harman's criticism on my statement that Shakespeare was free from the superstitions of his time only shows what great care is needed in condensing statements. The plays exhibit the superstitions—but not Shakespeare's faith in them. This is my opinion—and worth only so much as discriminating readers may find in it. See Charles Knight.

P. 26. It is certainly Aubrey who says that Shakespeare was apprenticed to a butcher, and also that he was a country schoolmaster. Neither statement is evidence—but what probability either may

have—*is* a kind of evidence. Now I think it more probable that Shakespeare was a schoolmaster than a butcher, and pretend to no "discovery" of either statement, but when the two statements are made by the same man and on the same page, why should they not be considered of equal importance?

P. 29. I think Cæsar's Greek might have troubled the actor, and the audience, but the words "Et tu Brute" had already been associated with Cæsar, as I supposed. I remember getting a strong impression of this from a talk with Dr. Wm. H. Furness. Is it an error?

It does not seem to be well understood that what I call "facts" in my little volume, are "facts" as represented by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps.

The ex-cathedra statement p. 59, of which your correspondent complains, is as follows:

> In 1608 Thomas Pavior impudently published *The Yorkshire Tragedy* as having been written by Wm. Shakespeare, while Shakespeare and his company were travelling along the Southern coast.

On p. 189 of the fifth edition of the *Outlines* Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says:—

> It is not unlikely that the publisher of *The Yorkshire Tragedy* took advantage of the departure of Shakespeare from London to perpetrate his nominated fraud, for the poet's company were travelling on the Southern coast about the time of its appearance.

My statement was made from memory and is a little more positive than Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's fifth edition, but not more positive, I think, than it was in an early edition. The author of the *Outlines* is much more cautious now than he was in the beginning. It is my opinion that Shakespeare wrote in the interest of the people. It was Miss Bacon's opinion, and not only she, but other critics have made this political bearing of the plays a reason for attributing them to Francis Bacon. This opinion may be a mistake, but surely I may assert it?

On p. 69 I speak of a stone in Virginia commemoratory of one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare, and I ask, "Can there be any truth in the legend?" Both Mr. Rolfe—*Literary World*, February 3—and your critic allude to this as if I had expressed faith in it. Have I done anything so uncandid? At the time my book was printed no one could tell that no such inscription was on the stone. Since then, the thorough work of Moncure D. Conway shows that the whole story hung on the mere date of the oldest gravestone north of the Carolinas, 1618. It was not strange that some dreamer should have said, "He came from Shakespeare's neighborhood, he lived two years after him, he might have been his pall-bearer," and then the story grew.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps printed the Southampton letter, after Dr. Ingleby had published his exposure of it. I should not, however, have copied it, if he had not added the remark that he did not think the evidence against it conclusive. He has since relinquished faith in it, but that I did not know, for looking through the fifth edition at the last moment so carefully that I made an index to it, for additions to knowledge, I did not observe what was *left out*.

This shows you what little I can say, on the spur of the moment concerning Mr. Horace P. Harman's notes, but will you allow me to add one word in reference to Mr. Rolfe's objection to my statement about "Gray's Inn?"

On p. 44 I call it "the only existing structure whose 'timbered roofe' we know to have echoed to Shakespeare's voice." If the Middle Temple Hall is still standing, what Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says about it is that there is "very little doubt" that Shakespeare was one of the actors who played "*Twelfth Night* there February 1601–2.

But there was a doubt, and no doubt was exppressed about Gray's Inn, and I framed my statement accordingly. In order to give the page and edition, I intended to quote I may have to search the libraries of those cities. Perhaps some of you readers could save me the trouble in regard to the paragraph about the "timbered roofe." Materials are not accessible to me in Washington.

I should like to have it distinctly understood that I always believe myself to be quoting Mr. Halliwell-Philipps's "facts" and if I adhere to any statement he now disowns, I shall be glad to make my plates conform to the truth.

My opinions are my own, and I have never obtruded them except when I thought they might help to interpret facts. It is arrant nonsense to pretend that during the five years that Shakespeare was out of sight, he *may* not not have been earning his bread on the continent.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

WASHINGTON.

"COMMA."

And stand a comma 'tween their amities.—*Hamlet*, V. ii. 42.

For comma, the invariable readings of the Quartos and Folios, Hanmer, White, and Hudson substitute *cement;* Warburton and Capell, *commere;* Becket, Elze, and Tschischewitz, *co-mate;* Cartwright, *concord.* Clarke retains "comma," but ingeniously explains it as a technical term in music, "the least of all the sensible intervals in music," (the difference between a major and minor half step, repre-

sented by some writers as the ninth part of a tone,) showing the exact proportion between *accords*.

Allow me to present a consideration which has occurred to me in favor of the old reading. The passage is as follows:

> I sat me down;
> Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
> I once did hold it, as our statists do,
> A baseness to write fair, and labor'd much
> How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
> It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
> The effect of what I wrote?
> *Horatio.* Ay, good my lord.
> *Hamlet.* An earnest conjuration from the king,
> As England was his faithful tributary,
> As love between them like the palm might flourish,
> As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
> And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
> And many such-like Ases of great charge,
> That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
> Without debatement further, more or less,
> He should the bearers put to sudden death,
> Not shriving-time allow'd.

Now in forging this "new commission" great pains must, of course, be taken, and nothing would be more natural than careful observance of the details of the mechanical execution. The *penmanship* must be faultless, and Hamlet, with some complacency, discusses this in lines 32–36. The *rhetorical and syntactical construction* must be all right, and in lines 38–43 he is evidently a little proud of his success in this regard. He weighs carefully every word, and has his good-natured joke at the over-loading of the word *as*. He must carefully *punctuate* the document, and this suggests the word *comma!* As to the propriety of its use, Johnson well remarks, "The *comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity, the period is the note of *abruption* and disjunction."

HOMER B. SPRAGUE.

BOSTON.

HAMLET, III, I, 56.

A very entertaining book might easily be wrttten upon the various comments upon, and parallels to, the celebrated "To be or not be" soliloquy. For the latter I would refer the curious to Voltaire's *Candide*, ch. XII to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Book VIII, ch. 10, and to the long soliloquy of Charles von Moor in Schiller's *Robbers*, Act IV scene 5. My most immediate object, however, is to draw attention to a soliloquy in Thomas Otway's *Orphan* (Act V. scene 2) which though originally played in 1680 and therefore

falling within the period covered by Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse*, has escaped the vigilance of the contributors to that meritorious work. This alone, however, would not have tempted me to call the attention of the readers of SHAKESPEARIANA to it, if it did not mark in an unmistakable way the gradual transition hanging over the English drama at the time, changing it from a literary combination of incident, philosophy, description and passion, into a mere play tolerable only for dramatic purposes. The novel, it has often been said, is the modern substitute for the Shakespearian drama, for this alone preserves the different elements that combine to give such perfection to the plays exhibited in Shakespeare's days. In Otway's time, the stage goer could not tolerate the long philosophical disquisitions which contribute no insignificant greatness to Spakespeare's greatness. Yet Polydore could not come upon the stage with the intention of committing suicide without giving the matter a thought; and this is the succinct way in which he proceeds to do it: —

> To live, and live a torment to myself,
> What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?
> We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
> Because it cannot tell us what's to come?

This is an admirable instance of literary appropriation. We have Hamlet's soliloquy, so to speak, boiled down. It is like the stately tree of temperate regions dwarfed to a mere shrub in the unpropitious climate of the frozen North.

MONTREAL. R. W. BOODLE.

SONNET LVIII.

> Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
> That you yourself may privilege your time
> To what you will; to you it doth belong
> Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

By both Dowden and Rolfe it is mentioned that Malone changed "*To* what you will" to "*Do* what you will," but neither follows him in so doing. It can be clearly shown that Malone was right in making the change.

In the Sonnet preceding (LVII) we find

> Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
> Where you may be, or your affairs suppose

the equivalent of the last line being, in prose,

> *Where* you may *be*, or *what* you are *doing*;

and the response is found in the lines in question as corrected by Malone:

> *Be where* you list, your charter is so strong
> That you yourself may privilege you time;
> *Do what* you will, to you it doth belong
> Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

Chicago. J. G. B.

THE DRAMA.

THE CRITICS AND THE FRENCH *HAMLET*.

The representation of *Hamlet*, as given at the Porte-St.-Martin, interesting event as it is, is yet one whose worth it is almost impossible to estimate properly. It would be absolutely a miracle if the subtle significant spirit of pure Northern, utterly un-Gallic life portrayed in this wonderful play should find an adequate translation by MM. Samson and Cressonnois, by Mlle. Bernhardt, and by M. Garnier, and by all the necessary throng of lesser lights, acting and managerial, so that any small quorum, or "working majority" of the Parisian audience could justly feel that it had been enabled to see *Hamlet*. To catch a glimpse only of the melancholy Dane himself,—one of those many luminous glimpses, by which it is the peculiar excellence of Shakespeare's art to reveal a complex soul, so that men know Hamlet not "like a book," but half-guessingly and intuitively each for himself, as he knows a living man,—to catch one such glimpse, from the French representation, this would be as much as to say that the twentieth century is at hand; that the world of men is traveling on so fast toward common ground and brotherly sympathies, that it soon may reach that broad noon where understanding shall be stronger than race and place conditions. As a hint of such golden possibility any such translation of one nation's master-thoughts to another nation is most interesting. But in the case considered, before one makes his criticisms let him think of the tremendous obstacles in the path towards lucid interpretation. I think the severe condemnations of the English critics have this against them, that their authors either have been wholly incapable of entering with any sympathy upon the French stand-point, or, holding in spite of themselves too much to their English bias, they have been unable not to expect too much, and of course have been disgusted. One says, the new translation cannot justify its existence; that its sole mission in life was to exhibit Mlle. Bernhardt as Ophelia and that her Ophelia is so wretchedly third-rate that all that remains of its mission must go to

the "demnition bow-wows" without stay of execution. Another gives the work of these young actor-authors some faint praise as being more direct and literal in some points than any other French version has dared to be.

M. Garnier is said to make a picturesque Hamlet with only two defects, a bad voice and lack of intelligence. In truth, here is a "most plentiful lack!" Another critic takes him with great seriousness and is impressed with his evident study of stage traditions in order to get all due light upon his part. He follows Mr. Irving's rendering in many respects, Macready's in the soliloquy. He delivers this face about to the audience, with eyes up, a quiet almost rapt action, and contemplative voice. But certainly he follows his own crazy lead and most un-Hamlets Hamlet when in the play-scene he drags himself on all fours across the stage from his seat near Ophelia to the very foot of the throne where he hisses out the words

He poisons him in the garden for's estate, etc.

with a fierce significance that would have justified the king's servants in dispatching him on the spot as a discovered enemy to the Royal Person.

M. Noël made such a sleek, garrulous, gay old Polonius as might be easily understood by either a French or English public. In short, was just such a jolly bit of tiresome respectability as may be recognized the whole world round. Others of the lesser characters hovered about behind the view like a conventional background that no one sees.

Ophelia stood eminent above the rest, and round her how do the critics war! A dreaming, grimacing, affected creature of feline manner, lithe caress and artificial grin, stands for the innocent dutiful daughter of Polonius. And Bernhardt's golden voice, they say, is worn, her studied rhythm, monotonous. Thin as she was, she has reached a more incredible point of attenuation, is, in fact, now quite too thin for anything but burlesque of the part of the fresh young damsel whom Hamlet loved, till those weightier matters she had not enough woman's wit in her to feel and not brain enough to follow, forced her out of his plans.

Then again, it is allowed that Bernhardt has made herself the central figure of her piece not through any favoring of the play to meet her exigencies, but through the special power of her interpretation. The critic of the *Athenæum* says:

Nothing that Mlle. Bernhardt does is without some claim upon attention. Dismiss from the mind any preconceived notion of Ophelia, and assume that the heroine is a lady of amorous complexion, whom Hamlet has inspired with a life-long passion, and nothing can be said against the interpretation. The rapture of felicity of the opening scenes, the pain and defeat of the interview in which the lover so strangely turns upon her, and the expression of returning hope when in the play scene he carries into effect some of the familiarities to which in her addresses to her he

alludes, are all admirable in art. The mad scenes have much beauty, and are indeed eminently thoughtful and original. The result, however is not Ophelia. One more is added to the poetical creations of Madame Bernhardt, but the being is a creature of phantasy.

Now what intelligent lover of the drama — of Molière's and of Racine's, along with Shakespeare's — sitting apart at his desk, outside the opportunity of seeing how things are going at the Porte-St.-Martin, but could have guessed as much. Is not Mlle. Bernhardt the polished product of French dramatic skill and time-honored stage precedents? Is she not admirably fine and finished in her art? So that, granted her ground and manner of study, little remains to find fault with in her characterizations, only, it must always be recognized that her peculiar personal intensity is such that it is bound to flavor every part she takes.

This subjective quality indeed is such that every part she takes she makes her own, a part she lives through, therefore knows how to act. Therein must come much of her difficulty in acting Ophelia. With all her cleverness she could not hit upon the conception of Ophelia's girlhood as the English critics, speaking for the English world, must have preconceived it. And if she cannot suit the best English critics, how will she make her peace with the French ones in this anxious attempt of hers to conquer new territory in the international drama?

Victor Hugo broke down the restrictions which kept French drama exclusively French, making it richer without loss of the choice individual note of the French genius. There is that in Shakespeare's plays, hearted in English nature as they are, which marks them as not the property of England solely, but as part of the general wealth of European civilization. Certainly, it is quite natural that an actress so intelligent and generally cultured as Mlle. Bernhardt should want to crown her career with essays of Hugo's and of Shakespeare's dramas. But she will find her merits in her old line in the art for art's sake her enemies in the broader field of art for life's sake. The chances must be all against her success. Yet let honor be to her for the attempt I say. Her failure may so easily be richer in results than her success was.

Some of the French critics have accorded her small favor. M. Francisque Sarcey is singularly reserved, but just and well-considered as his habit is. To this effect he writes:

I had intended this week to speak of *Hamlet*. But I prefer to wait in order to talk with you of Shakespeare's work, until the Comédie Française has given us the adaptation it contemplates. I wish to enter to-day only upon the manner in which *Hamlet* has been interpreted at the Porte-St.-Martin. The translation is, as every one knows, by two young men who both belong to the theatre, MM. Samson and Cressonnois. It has appeared to me, so far as I could judge from a single hearing, faithful and full of movement. I do not know how much of this would remain in reading it. *Hamlet* has been put upon the boards at the Porte-St.-

Martin for Mlle. Sara Bernhardt and M. Garnier. Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, it is known,— criticized in this part by one of our confraternity who is justly one of the most serious and esteemed in our profession,— has replied to him by a letter a little "fresh," and she has since taken up and explained this letter, which has not the least in the world disturbed M. Bernard Derosne. The truth in this small matter is, in short, that while Mlle. Bernhardt has said this ballad of Shakespeare with an incomparable charm, and has discovered again for the mad scene that delicious voice and that gift of irresistible seduction which was formerly a good part of her art, she has sung the rest of her lines with an intended monotony which has not been to everybody's taste. Mlle. Sara Bernhardt has believed herself able to throw over all her part a kind of child-like sing-song which has greatly pleased some of her audience, those—who like "cette note là," as Bilboquet says [or as our own Abraham Lincoln said, when a rhymster asked him his opinion of his verses,—"For people who like that sort of thing, that is just the sort of thing they like"] but which is well calculated to irritate others beyond endurance. I confess that this fashion of simplifying art scarcely suits me either. This fashion of making up a part has some relation to the method of the impressionists. Part of the audience applauded; the rest remained restless and contemplative. M. Garnier, who was very well costumed, and who has the allurement and the aspect of the Prince, seemed to me terribly uniform and commonplace during the first acts. But one must do him the justice to say that he played the grand scene of explanation with his mother with extraordinary force. Mlle. Antonia Laurent answered him in her part with great feeling and sincerity. Luguet was a superb ghost. Léon Noël gave us the Polonius of an operetta; he never left off amusing us. In brief, *Hamlet* was listened to with much emotion during the first acts, and with respect up to the last. It is a play to see, if it were only to give us later at the Comédie Française, the pleasure of comparison.

It takes two to tell the truth, Thoreau used to say, one to speak and another to hear. So, following M. Sarcey's saying, it will take two representations of *Hamlet* to tell us the whole story. The complementary translation of *Hamlet* which will give us soon the pleasure of comparison, is by MM. Dumas and Paul Meurice. It has been diligently studied for some time by M. Mounet-Sully and Mlle. Reichenberg who will take the crucial parts, Hamlet and Ophelia.

The changes made in the conduct of the play at the Porte-St.-Martin from the usual English manner include the omission and modification of some scenes, either because they are not to the French taste or because of the inconvenience on the French stage of so many alterations as occur in English countries without fall of curtain. The first appearance of the ghost to Bernardo and Marcellus is not given; the advice to the players, and Osric's message to Hamlet, about the fencing match with Laertes, are both left out. On the other hand the appearance of Fortinbras at the close of the play, which is scarcely ever represented on the English stage, is introduced here. Ophelia herself is borne on the bier in the procession, instead of an empty coffin, hence she can not be dropped into the grave and Laertes and Hamlet can not leap in to the tomb according to the stage direction, but have to asseverate their love and skirmish around outside the brink of the grave, and fight out their struggle over the body itself.

Hamlet after having transfixed the false King with his sword

perhaps to make assurance doubly sure, then snatches up the poisoned goblet and forces the poison down the dying man's throat. This is true Irish vengeance. The king drops "kilt entirely."

But the most singular, to an English mind, of all these small alterations is the substitution of a long mournful chanting ballad for the bursts of inconsequent speech and song into which Ophelia breaks before she dies. It is especially during the recitation of this ballad that Mlle. Bernhardt indulges in the lilting *Cantiléne* upon which the critics disagree.

RÉNAN'S *1802.*

If any one doubts the significance of the unusual interest in Shakespeare recently manifested in Parisian theatres, or the pertinence of the connection—as the latest illustration of changed dramatic conditions—of Mlle. Bernhardt's essays in Shakespearian tragedy and the honors accorded Victor Hugo, let his meditation dwell awhile upon the following abstract from the last *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as a curious and instructive example of an accomplished French critic's point of view. Hugo has long been put in a companion niche with Shakespeare. The place has been allowed him, both on account of his sympathies with a wider scope for the drama than the Academic French theory permits, and, also because in his own dramatic work he himself enlarged the boundaries of the dramatic empire and peopled it with a heroic brood of his own well-fitted to dwell there.

Yet now in the face of all the trumpet-blowing and palm-bearing of the great Hugo's enthusiastic admirers, M. Ganderax has the heart to remember that the author of *1802*, the birthday elegy, scarcely thirteen years ago, in *L' ante-Christ*, to give an idea of Nero's character, wrote thus:

> Let one represent to himself a man about as intelligent as the heroes of M. Victor Hugo, a Mardi-gras personage, a mixture of madman, simpleton, and actor.

And this conservative reviewer insensible to the worship of the modern god, regardless, perhaps, ignorant of Mr. Swinburne's ardent rhetoric, goes on to say that he thinks M. Renan has not forgotten these lines, and that the choice of him as the poet of the anniversary celebration at the Comédie the 26 of February is on that account the more wily and judicious. If it must be that the great poet be honored because he produced upon the boards scarcely a work that was not useless, it is expedient that one should be chosen for the office who will praise him only where he must; such a testimony will be worth more than another less discreet. It will prove that without being

duped, a friend of French Letters, even of the Theatre, can yet hail this genius.

Such evidence is not superfluous, this sceptic continues, it is necessary to say it though we scandalize some amateur of fine verses, happily for the safety of his illusions, far away from the Comédie-Française and the Porte-St.-Martin. There are stars which go out though their beams yet come to the inhabitants of the earth long after the source of them is deadened. So doubtless for most readers Hugo's dramatic work is not yet dead. Alas! we also were inclined to believe it immortal, we Frenchmen and Parisians born in the early years of the second empire, when, with the poet, his theatrical pieces were exiled. Hugo upon the rock of Guernsey appeared to us as in a cloud of glory, like Napoleon upon the rock of St. Helena * * The man of action + the man of thought, this binomial was to be the expression of the epoch. "A poet who would be to Shakespeare what Napoleon was to Charlemagne," was Hugo himself. It was his own destiny he foretold when he wrote:

> Marengo! the Pyramids! Austerlitz! Moscow! Waterloo! what epics! Napoleon has his poems; the poet will have his battles.

And since, indeed, he has had them. Now, his battles among all his poems have been his dramas. Early recognized and respected as lyric poet, from 1827–1843 he fought as dramatist. * * The preface of *Cromwell* was the declaration of the rights of the modern genius in the scheme of dramatic art; and as it seems to many men that they had no rights, nor scarcely manhood, before the declaration of the rights of man, so before the preface of *Cromwell* it seemed that they had had no drama. *Hernani* was the assault upon tragedy and the ancient regime of the stage, it was the taking of the Bastile. *Marion Delorme* interdicted, *le Rois' Amuse* suspended, these were the martyrs of this revolution, but they were martyrs who had prevailed over the executioners and who had demolished the jails, *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Marie Tudor*, *Angelo*, in spite of all resistance advanced the limits of dramatic emotion. *Ruy Blas!* another struggle, another victory, and the brightest of all, genius at its apogee, the Austerlitz of this conquest.—A Waterloo, no, unless by the beauty of the effort. The day was hard, but poetry remained mistress of the ground.

A quarter of a century after the close of this wonderful cycle Hugo remained in our imagination as the liberator of the National Theatre. *Le Cid* 1636; *Hernani* 1830, these were the two fortunate dates of our dramatic genius, those of its birth and renaissance. Poor Corneille, he had done what he could in his time, tramelled by absurd rules: and that which he had been unable to do, Hugo had done, Hugo nourished in larger, richer air, a Corneille delivered, put at ease pushing his genius as deeply, as

widely as Shakespeare. . . . Thus the drama of Victor Hugo reached its triumphal age; but as we have seen its exaltation so we have seen its fall. Toward the end of his life the second representation of one of his master-pieces, *le Roi s' Amuse*, given a half a century after the first, marks a stop in the poet's progress to the temple. But if the triumphal car hesitates an instant, still it rolls on and making way the victor arrives at the Pantheon.

Some months pass, you go to *Marion Delorme* as to a *Te Deum*, and return from it more discomfited than from that famous jubilee, *le Roi s' Amuse*. In 1882 this master-piece was overthrown with majesty, like a great building engulfed in floods; in 1885 the other master-piece was piteously foundered. Then you begin to suspect that two disasters, blow upon blow, cannot be accidents but are the effects of permanent and profound causes. You inquire if the dramatic work of Hugo after having gained its suit in the first place, where it was aggressive, and even on appeal, where it was triumphant, if it will gain it before the final tribunal, that is to say, before posterity. Then you examine the romantic theory of the drama. According to this, tragedy and comedy had represented only a simplified man reduced by analysis to heroic or ridiculous elements. The drama came to reunite these parts and reconstruct the real man. Moreover, the man refined of the classics was as true in one country or in one century as in another; the real man on the contrary outside of the universal eternal likeness, bore the mark of truth peculiar to a certain country, to a certain epoch. Nature and history; here were the twin sources from whence the dramatic poet should draw. But how has Hugo succeeded in this? By habitual observation of nature and history. He is a magnificant example of that class Malebranche calls "visionaries of the imagination." His master faculty is not observation but imagination, and of what sort? The imagination of contrast, which can neither perceive nor conceive a white cross on a black back-ground without coupling it with a black cross on a white back-ground. He establishes antitheses in forcing facts after the manner of those people Pascal tells of, who establish themselves by forcing words as one makes false windows for symmetry. In the same way, when he imagines moral beings, it is ordinarily, in pairs each is only the contrary of the other; and as nothing is more contrary to nothing than an abstraction to an abstraction, it is oftenest a pair of abstractions that he invents.

Outside of *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* his plays are no longer plays for the stage but for the library. One can find there fragments of ode, elegy, or epic, but no drama, for they lack humanity. Humanity! Shakespeare gives it to us, crude, Racine refined. Ask either of Hugo: he gives naught. The characters of Shakespeare and of Racine, conceived by imaginations different each, but both reasonable, can support the control of reason. Hugo's, created and governed by pure fantasy, docile and monotonous mouth-pieces of their author,

weary us if they do not irritate us; so true is it that no power, not even that of the imagination raised to the degree where it is called genius, can long make shift without reason or prevail against reason.

All this neither M. Renan at the Comédie Française nor Mlle. Simone Arnand—who honored Hugo with a fine ode at the Odèon birthday celebration—could declare. But the ingenious author of the *Dialogue of the Dead*, has let the truth be understood without declaring it. He has willed that Racine and Corneille in the Elysian Fields should desire a poet for the new age who could render warmth and brilliancy to the language after the cold of the 18th century. He has made not only Diderot but Voltaire celebrate the coming of this modern hero. But in the chorus of good geniuses assembled round the cradle of Victor Hugo, M. Renan has taken care not to make Molière's voice heard. Molière, still more than Racine and Shakespeare, is reason and humanity upon the scene, where Hugo is fantasy and chaos. If Molière was not present the 26th of February, M. Renan knows very well why.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Philadelphia theatres will be lively during Easter-week and the rest of April. Dion Boucicault's *Jilt* a new, well-acted and clever play now attracting much attention at the Chestnut St. Opera House, will then be followed, first, by the Jefferson, and then, by the Daly Company. Joe Jefferson's name stands as a symbol of all that is touching and delicately true in Dramatic Art to common human nature. And Mr. Jefferson's appearance here after too long an absence, in the old plays, always popular, *Rip Van Winkle*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, will be sure to attract the public.

At the same time at the Academy of Music, will take place the first appearance here of the American Opera Co. Mme. Pauline L'Allemand, Prima Donna Soprano of the company, at the last Thomas concert gave Philadelphians a fore-taste of this coming event. Her singing was so pleasing to the audience then, that it is quite likely to excite general enthusiasm under the more favorable conditions of operatic stage setting and accessories.

All arrangements for the great Booth-Salvini engagement have not yet been concluded, Mr. Zimmerman says, so that the whole make-up of the supporting company and other details of interest can not now be ascertained. Mme. Janauschek was first talked of to take the part of the Lady Gruach to Booth's *Macbeth*, as Mr. J. T. Raymond was for the part of Grave-digger in *Hamlet*. But as it looks now Miss Marie Wainright, her husband Mr. Louis James and Mr. Aldrich are the only fixed facts of the cast. Mr. Chizzola has the final arran-

gements in charge, and it is expected they will take final shape within a week or so.

The scale of prices for Philadelphia the public will be glad to know is not going to be exorbitant, considering that 60% of the receipts are divided between Salvini and Booth. $1, $2, $3, & $4, will stand for the range of choice in seats.

* * *

Hamlet played by Deaf Mutes in South London is decidedly the most curious of last month's events in the dramatic line. The pantomine was given by an organized company of these unfortunates for the entertainment of their brothers and sisters in affliction, but, of course, many of the normal world flocked there too to see the novel thing, and get a new sensation. Aside from the strangeness of the spectacle, much unexpected and mirthful diversion was furnished by the original readings of the Cockney interpreter. He is reported to have adjured the Queen not to lay that flattering unicorn to her soul, and to have described the picture of Hamlet's father as bearing the front of Job adorned with hypocrite curls, and so on.

This odd dumb-show gives an almost pathetic instance of the appeal the myriad-minded Shakespeare made to all humanity, of small wit or big, of sense or half sense, when he wrote his wide-reaching plays.

* * *

In London lately there has been another significant example of the old, incongruous, necessary match of art with wealth. The Queen of England after twenty-five years withdrawal from patronage of the drama comes markedly out from her seclusion to a sense of her Royal responsibilities and summons a "Society" actress to entertain her. Victoria of the Guelf family sitting in the chariot in the place of Plutus selects Lillie Langtry for her charioteer and representative of the divine youth Euphorion. The choice is funny enough to make the spirit of tragedy grin. Yet natural enough to confirm a philosopher in the justice of his cool conclusions. Why not Henry Irving and Ellen Terry or even others less distinguished but as serious in their devotion to their art? O, vain question, only to be answered by another, why the *Journal of Life in the Highlands* and other bland employments of her Royal nibs?

But seriously one of the objections, not easily answered, to the perversion of means and culture, the levelling up of low estates and the levelling down of lofty ones to the even plane of power and patronage characteristic of a Republic, has been that such general averaging of influences brings art down to the groundlings, and makes true artists mourn the magnificent autocracies of Pope Julius or Lorenzo Medici of François Premier or Louis Quatorze. But, see now how inefficient is autocratic government. What advantages remain to it when the cat

can not only look at the Queen but criticize the Royal taste and justly conclude she could have chosen better herself. After all how can it matter that conditions have changed if art in drama, letters, music, marble, paint, or brick, have a still a constant high ideal. The old difficulties remain, the kings and popes of wealth and leisure still have to be swayed and humored to accept the views, provide the tools, and guarantee the meals of genius. The play-writer and the actor have the same kind of work to do, different in little circumstances, still the same work to do that Shakespeare did, to suit the time and please the crowd, and yet translate into the common language that wide and and fresh illuminated thought which reveals the beauty and the soul of things.

If now the task is greater and the art longer, yet in the end it must win more, since not one royal patron here and there but the general body of mankind must aid in the work, receive the light, and feel the inspiration.

* * *

Oxford is far gone in her coquetting with the stage. She is not content with opening a new theatre to take the place of the shabby, historic one. The new dress and the smart ribbons with which she now honors the drama is not enough. A special visit from the hero of the English stage is what she wants. And so the Vice-Chancelor, Mr. Jewett, who seems to be responsible for this dramatic bent of the University, like a match-making lady mother, has invited Mr. Irving to come and lecture. Of course Mr. Irving is appreciative of the honor and has replied that his subject will be, *Our old Actors*. The day is not yet fixed, but the news of this approaching meeting of the Nurse of the Quadrangle with the Ambassador from the Foot-lights must be hailed with pleasure by those who would like to see the stage and the study come closer together.

* * *

The King of the Commons by the Rev. James White, a friend of Phelps and Dickens, is the next piece the Society of Dramatic Students have chosen for performance. The piece was played in May, 1846, at the Princess's, with Mrs. Stirling, and Macready as James V. of Scotland. When it was given at the Park Theatre, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were the chief actors. Mr. Charles Fulton and Miss Mary Dickens are cast for the same parts in the forthcoming representation.

* * *

The theatres are all open and the people are flocking towards them as they always do and always will. But little of literary value that is note-worthy, little that has more than passing interest is being added to the dramatic stock on hand. The superior interest of the general public in plays laid in well-known scenes and in modern time has only been the inducement, for the most part of groping, serviceable

pens to seize upon an event here or a group of timely striking situations there to patch up a plot and fit it for a temporary triumph. Rich material within the common life is at hand as it always is, but the wide grasp of a quick invention and the wise glance of a capable eye is lacking. That American life will be enriched by a dramatic portrayal of its inmost self, it is to be hoped, yes, and believed. When so many little green apples fall, some must be ripening up there on the boughs. And if the general prevailence of mediocre intelligence and easy talent means anything discouraging, I think it means chiefly this, that we will have to wait a longer time for our Shakespeare to grow out from among the throng of facile writers than it took to shape the great English playwright and fit him so he over-topped the rest.

The more complex the time the stronger must be the mind that will be able to comprehend it and express it simply and directly.

* * *

The more noted Shakespearian actors have left the Eastern cities in a state of semi-dullness. Salvini is traveling about in the West, Miss Mary Anderson in San Francisco, Mr. Lawrence Barrett in the South, Mme. Modjeska is in Buffalo, Miss Margaret Mather is playing in the smaller New England towns, and Booth is resting. The centre of Shakespearian stage interest seems to have shifted to Paris for the time being.

GOSSIP.

Mr. T. W. Keene expects to appear for the first time, as Lear next season.

Mme. Modjeska expects to spend the summer among old friends in Southern California.

Miss Anna Dickinson is said to be writing a new play, in whcih she has framed a part for her own acting.

Mr. W. H. Gillette so widely known in *The Private Secretary* is said to be play-writing also.

Herr Frederick Mitterwurzer gave *Richard III.* and *Hamlet* during his farewell at the Thalia theatre.

Mr. Booth, under the Barrett management, will open his season in Buffalo on the 8th of September '86.

Mr. Barrett himself will appear first at the Star Theatre in New York on the first of the same month.

Mme. Christine Nilson has been induced to bid us "good-by"

once more. "Occasion smiles upon a second leave," as Laertes says. She will sail from Paris early in September and it is said her first public appearance will be, under M. Strakosch's direction, early in October.

Victor Hugo's executors have found among his papers a drama called *Les Jumeaux* written in 1839 and abandoned because a scene similiar to a chief one in this figured also in a play of Dumas then being performed.

Mr. George Riddle opened his course of readings at Chickering Hall the 27th of March with the *Midsummer Night's Dream* accompanied with Mendelssohn's music by an orchestra under Mr. Walter Damrosch's leadership.

A full account of the little known yet widely known-of Shakespearian revivals at Sadler's Wells is one of the features of interest promised in the forthcoming *Life of Samuel Phelps* written by this accomplished actor's nephew and companion for many years, Mr. W. May Phelps.

Maurice Barrymore, in spite of his bad luck with *Nadjesda*, a play too dark and strong for light appreciation, has not abandoned the quill. He is reported to be at work now with a London journalist, Mr. Wm. Beattie Kingston, upon a libretto for Mr. William Fullerton's Opera which is planned to be produced next season in New York.

Rev. Dr. Gritton stated recently, in England, that a London theatre could not be carried on without the free distribution of tickets to bad characters. Does this mean newspaper critics? what other mortals are favored to any extent with free tickets? asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The odd thing about this statement is that Mr. Irving has been taking it seriously carrying on a remonstrating correspondance, on the score of it, with the reverend Doctor.

The text of Mlle. Bernhardt's naively indignant letter to her adverse critic M. Leon Bernard Derosne, reads:

Monsieur;

Votre critique est de mauvaise foi! donc, vous êtes un mal-honnête homme double d'un imbecile.

M. Derosne has his revenge in publishing this abroad.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has forgotten his Shakespeare revivals in the success, in spite of itself, of *The Lord Harry*. Having had at least three fingers in the play as actor, manager and author, in common with Mr. H. A. Jones, the writer of the *Silver King* and *Saints and Sinners*, Mr. Barrett has given this melodrama of the seventeenth century, of

Royalists, and Roundheads, and " Scapes by Sea and Flood," every practical opportunity to make it go, but it seems likely that its days will soon be numbered at the Princess's as a play elaborately insignificant. A satellite burlesque, *Oliver Grumble*, at the Novelty Theatre, thrives in its train by poking fun at it.

Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. D'Oyly Carte were prominent members of the deputation of London theatrical managers which waited upon Mr. Childers at the Home Office the 10th of last month to urge the Government to oppose granting further power in the supervision of theatres to the present board. Mr. Irving as spokesman asked that a thoroughly responsible and skilled authority be appointed for the required inspection. The managers were prepared, he said, to pay fees of inspection, if freed from the impositions of an irresponsible elective body, and he asked the Government to secure the changes desired by the theatrical interest which expend annually £4, 000, 000 and employs upwards of 150, 000 persons.

REVIEWS.

THE DIARY OF THOMAS GREENE.*

Dr. Ingleby has done the world of letters a signal service by his Transcript of the Diary of Thomas Greene. But four leaves of this document are in existence. Of these, the first was discov- by R. B. Wheler and noticed by him in his *Guide to Stratford-upon-Avon* (1814), and the remaining ones by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, who entered them in his *Descriptive Calendar of the Ancient Manuscript and Records in the possession of the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon*(1863). Singularly enough, and most fortunately, the pages are consecutive. They are all preserved at Stratford, the one known to Wheler in the Birthplace Library, the remaining three in the Muniment Room of the Corporation.

The Diary relates to the contest between the Corporation and William Combe concerning the enclosure of certain common-fields. It is, writes Dr. Ingleby, interesting on two accounts. First, as it is the private record of this contest over a piece of ground in which, besides Combe himself, the two persons having the largest interests were William Shakespeare and Thomas Greene, the Town Clerk,

* *Shakespeare and the Enclosure of the Common Fields at Welcombe.* Edited by C. M. Ingleby, L. L. D. Birmingham; 1885.

and writer of the Diary. And, secondly because Shakespeare's name occurs in it six times. These passages have been so frequently reproduced that they need not be given here, but it is worth while to notice that from the first of them we learn, as Dr. Ingleby points out, that on the 16th November, 1614, (O. S.) Shakespeare arrived in London, and three days later held converse with Greene, being the only fact in Shakespeare's life to which a definite date can be assigned, and the only oral comunication that we can positively assert Shakespeare to have made.

But there is another entry, the sixth and last, which is of greater importance than this, and is even now the subject of much controversy. The original wording is this: "Sept. William Shakespeare telling J. Greene that I was not able to *he* [erased] beare the encloseigne of Welcombe." The point which has long puzzled the heads of the wisest critics is the meaning of the underscored word *he*, some claiming it to be really *he*, others that it is intended for an *I*. Without reopening the subject here, and it is one that would require much more elaboration than could be given in the brief space of a review, it is sufficient to quote Dr. Ingleby's opinion that the writer of the Diary wrote *he* by mistake for an *I*, of which he cites several instances. — Such are the few brief items in the Diary of interest to Shakespearians. And yet brief as they are, they are of very great significance when we recall the almost absolute silence of his contemporaries concerning him. There is a strange fascination in reading this Diary of a man who had lived near Shakespeare, who knew him intimately; who had talked with him and who had coöperated with him in a great battle against oppression. It brings us back nearer to the man than does any other record we have save the few personal mementos that have come down to our day. And in this respect it has a very great value. It is true that the captious critic may remark that such reasons are sentimental, and unworthy of scholars. Call them sentimental if you will, but every sentiment that brings us closer to Shakespeare, that puts us, if one may use the expression, into personal intercourse with him, is one which surely the gravest scholar will not despise. Such feelings would have too little solid foundation to permit one to frown upon a sentiment that is genuine.

Dr. Ingleby has done his editorial work with his usual skill. The book consists of a valuable introduction, in which the editor has condensed all the known facts in connection with the Diary and a thorough *resumé* of the English enclosures. The transcript of the Diary itself follows, occupying seventeen large pages, and is followed by a brief appendix containing a few documents that are of especial interest in connection with the Diary. The editor has had the assistance of Mr. Edward Scott, assistant keeper of the

manuscripts at the British Musuem, who prepared the transcript of the Diary, and of Messrs. C. W. Smartt & Low, of Stratford-upon-Avon, who photographed the eight pages of the original and reproduced them in autotype. Finally, the book contains facsimiles of the two maps of the Welcombe Estate; one from the collection of Robert N. Phillipps, Esq. the other from a sketch found by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. They do not indeed, definitely settle the situation of the "Lands" and "Greensward" concerning which the dispute arose, but furnish the best key yet formed to their situation.

Two editions have been prepared. One, of fifty with autotype plates, of which five were presented by the editor to fellow-workers, and twenty taken by the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon; and the other, a cheaper one without the autotypes. It is a matter of much regret that the limited edition and great price of the first mentioned edition has rendered the book well-nigh inaccessible to students.

LITERARY NOTES.

At the Porte St. Martin:

> What, is (Shakespeare) there?
> A piece of him.

and habited in this fashion;

> Être ou ne pas être,
> Voilà la question . . . . . .
> . . . . . Mourir.
> Dormir . . . pas plus. Ainsi pour cesser de
> souffrir
> Ces tortures du cœur ou le destin nous jette,
> Il suffit de dormir! Ah! c'est un dénouement
> Sonhaitable et qu'on peut desirer ardemment!
> Mourir . . . dormir. . . . Dormir? Mais c'est
> rêver peut-être,
> Et l'angoisse devant ce doute nous penêtre
> Car nous ne savons pas a quoi rêvent les morts!
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> S'il était vrai qu'on put avec la moindre chose
> Supprimer les effets en detruisant la cause
> Qui donc voudrait gemir et supporter l'ennuie
> D'une vie insondable et pareille à la nuit?
> Lourd fardeau sous lequel à chaque pas on tombe,
> Si l'on ne redoutait l'imprevu de la tombe,
> Si l'on n'apprendait ce pays inconnu
> D'ou pas un voyageur n'est encore revenu.

The sketch of E. A. Sothern, to appear in the series of *Actors and Actresses of the United States and Great Britain*, edited by Messrs. Hutton and Matthews, is now being written by Sothern's friend, Mr. Wm. J. Florence. The chapter on Edmund Kean has been furnished by Mr. Henry Irving. Mr. Bunner of *Puck* will write of Joe Jefferson, and Mr. Lawrence Barrett of Edwin Forrest.

A limited edition of one hundred and twenty-five copies is announced by J. W. Jarvis & Son, London (Scribner's Sons, New York) of Downe's *Roscius Anglicanus*, the chief authority on English stage history from 1660-1706, with notes by Garrick's biographer, Tom Davies, and a preface by Mr. Joseph Knight, the dramatic critic of the *Athenæum* and Editor of *Notes and Queries*.

The American Play is the subject of an entertaining article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for March. The writer, Mr. Laurence Hutton, considers the American play as saved from non-entity, chiefly bv Mr. Frank Murdock's *Davy Crockett*. *Rip Van Winkle*, *Fritz*, and *The Danites*, the most known American plays outside America, with others less in vogue, are for one reason or another unrepresentative, not peculiarly American, or of such transient interest that they are already forgotten, and cannot be cited as establishing the existence of American drama, though, if one is hopefully inclined, they may seem to lead the way toward fine probabilities. American plays, such as they are, he places under four heads: Indian and Revolutionary, which are identical and co-existent, among which Forrest made memorable Stone's *Metamora;* Society plays, of which Mrs. Mowatt's *Fashion* and Howard's *Saratoga* are examples; Yankee Character plays like *Solon Shingle* and *The Mighty Dollar;* and plays of local low life like *Mose* or *Squatter Sovereignty*.

Professor Charles F. Johnson, of Trinity College, has a suggestive and able article called *Two Shakespearian Kings* in the *New Englander* for March. After distinguishing between the imaginative and and popular, and the realistic and historical characterizations of the hero, he considers the stories of the two kings, Richard III and John. He shows how though treated by Shakespeare in an entirely different way, the one in the oratorical Marlowe manner, the other in the poet's own fashion with shaping growing touches that simulate a developing human life, yet both evidence the power of the imaginative method which takes its cue from tradition and quite ignores the slow blind greatness of contemporary tendencies until they have been summed up and embodied in some great man who plays a part in history.

THE UNITED STATES MAIL.

On the end of a business house on Market street, Philadelphia, adjoining the new United States Post Office, there is an exceedingly suggestive picture, in two panels, giving the old and the new way of delivering the United States mails.

The one indicates a very little to do, with leisure in which to do it. The other, much to do, for which haste is required. To one who is familiar with the growth of the postal service, this picture starts a very interesting train of thoughts. One of these brings back the old stage-coach and the horseback rider, and the fact that between these two the work of distributing the mails of the country was divided. Over against these come to mind the facilities of the present day, with the high rate of postage reduced to figures hardly more than nominal by comparison. Communication between friends and others who have common interests now, as compared with the olden time, is almost as nearly free as the water we drink. From the external mechanical changes the mind turns to the contents of the letters both of the old time and the new.

Kindred to this large class of writers who speak of health matters in letters to friends, and probably largely included in it are the ones in broken health, who, seeing in the public press the statement of cures by the Compound Oxygen Treatment, which has been so widely advertised, at once write to the references for fuller particulars. The patients who have been cured are so numerous, and they have so freely spoken of their restored health, that the divided task has been to many a light one. But one lady in Maine writes us that she has answered letters from nearly every State, and from some sections very many.

Hon. William D. Kelley, member of Congress, answers a very large number, and Hon. William Penn Nixon, Editor of *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*, receives stacks of letters inquiring as to the genuineness of his testimonials, and as to the permanence of the results. These he answers through the mail, as it was through a letter received by mail from a relative in Boston that he learned first of the value of the treatment. Once in a while one of our references finds it necessary to ask relief from part of the task, as in the second of the following letters from Topeka, Kansas. We take great pleasure in printing these, and shall be glad to have inquirers write direct to us for fuller evidence, which we can furnish in great abundance These letters were written *four years apart, and give nine years' experience.* Their writer is Hon. H. P. Vrooman, a lawyer of large practice before the courts in which he served one term as Judge.

"TOPEKA, KAN., June 27, 1882.
"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:

"*Gentlemen:*—In the interest of suffering humanity, I send you for publication an account of the *almost miraculous cure* which your Compound Oxygen performed in the case of my wife. Her condition was a very peculiar one. She had a complication of diseases, dyspepsia, torpid liver, or liver complaint, as her physicians have always called it, and general nervous prostration.

"If you will refer to my description of her case, when I made the first order for your Treatment, in December, 1877, you will see that she was suffering from severe attacks of colic and vomiting. These attacks first came once in two or three months, when she would vomit herself almost to death's door, and until she would raise a large amount of green bile. When her stomach was relieved from this, she would become better at once. But as soon as a certain amount of bile would accumulate, there would be another attack of colic and vomiting. Each time the attacks came at shorter intervals, and were most severe, until she became so weak and exhausted that *we are sure she could not have lived many days longer, had not your Oxygen Treatment come just as it did and saved her,* for the colic and vomiting had become almost perpetual, *and her strength and life were nearly exhausted.*

"*We could see a change in her condition from the first inhalation,* for she never had so severe an attack of colic afterward, and had more strength to endure the pain and retching. She continued to gain steadily, and for the past four years has had no severe attacks. If she is threatened with one, she takes an inhalation or two, and so escapes any severe paroxysms.

"H. P. VROOMAN."

SECOND LETTER.

155 Kansas Avenue, Rooms 5 and 6,
TOPEKA, KANSAS, February 24, 1886.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
"1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:—Since I sent you my testimonial, which you published in June, 1882, I have received scores of letters from all parts of the United States asking almost all kinds of questions about the Oxygen, etc.; but the main thing most of them wished to know was, whether I do really exist, or whether I am a mere myth and you only humbugging the people with fictitious names for the purpose of deceiving them.

"And now I wish to say to the public further (if you will publish it), to save my answering so many letters, that my wife has not been compelled to take any more treatment for nearly five years, since which time her health has been constantly improving, and she weighs more than she ever has before, and has borne a fine, healthy boy, now almost four years old, who, of course, is smart, he being the seventh son.

"I impart this information to show the public that the Compound Oxygen is not merely a temporary relief, but that it will permanently cure and give new life and vitality to the whole system; and if any are still solicitous to know whether I am or not, I will say, in the language of Daniel Webster, 'I still live,' and may be found with my law sign still out at No. 155 Kansas avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

"Hoping what I have said may remove some doubts concerning the permanency of the cures performed by Compound Oxygen, and that afflicted ones may not delay too long in testing its efficacy, I am, for humanity, etc.,

"H. P. VROOMAN."

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